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VAGARIES OF IMAGINATION.

It is well known how a man was cured who fancied that he was dead, and refused all sustenance. His friends deposited him with all due formalities in a dark cellar. One of them caused himself soon afterwards to be carried into the same place in a coffin, containing a plentiful supply of provisions, and assured him that it was customary to eat and drink in that world, as well as in the one he had just left. He suffered himself to be persuaded, and recovered. Another, who imagined he had no head, (a notion not so common as the reverse,) was speedily convinced of the real existence of his head, by a heavy hat of lead, which, by its pressure, made him feel for the first time during a long period, that he actually possessed this necessary appendage. But the most dangerous state of all is, when the imagination fixes upon things, the lively representation of which may finally induce their realization. Of this sort was a case which fell under my own professional experience, and which affords one of the most striking proofs of the power of an overstrained imagination.

A youth of sixteen, a weakly constitution and delicate nerves, but in other respects quite healthy, quitted his room in the dusk of the evening, but suddenly returned, with a face as pale as death, and looks betraying the greatest terror, and in a tremulous voice told a fellow student who lived in the same room with him, that he should die at nine o'clock in the morning of the day after the next. His companion naturally considered this sudden transformation of a cheerful youth into a candidate for the grave as very extraordinary; he inquired the cause of this notion, and as the other declined to satisfy his curiosity, he strove at least to laugh him out of it. His efforts however, were unavailing. All the answer he could obtain from his comrade was, that his death was certain and inevitable. A number of well-meaning friends assembled about him, and endeavored to wean him from his idea by lively conversation, jokes, and even satirical remarks. He sat for some time with a gloomy, thoughtful look, took no share in their discourse, sighed, and at length grew angry when they began to rally him.—It was hoped that sleep would dispel this melancholy mood; but he never closed his eyes, and his thoughts were engaged all night with his approaching decease. Early next morning I was sent for.—I found, in fact, the most singular sight in the world—a person in good health, making all the arrangements for his funeral, taking an affectionate leave of his friends, and writing a letter to his father, to acquaint him with his approaching dissolution, and to bid him farewell. I examined the state of his body, and found nothing unusual, but the paleness of his face, eyes dull and rather inflamed with weeping, coldness of the extremities, and a low contracted pulse—indications of a general cramp of the nerves, which was sufficiently manifested in the state of his mind. I endeavored, therefore, to convince him, by the most powerful arguments, of

the futility of his notion, and to prove that a person whose bodily health was so good, had no reason whatever to apprehend speedy death: in short, I exerted all my eloquence and professional knowledge, but without making the slightest impression. He willingly admitted that I, as a physician, could not discover any cause of death in him, but this, he contended, was the peculiar circumstance of his case, that without any natural cause, merely from an unalterable decree of fate, his death must ensue; and though he could not expect us to share this conviction, still it was equally certain that it would be verified by the event of the following day. All that I could do, therefore, was to tell him, that under these circumstances I must treat him as a person laboring under a disease, and prescribe medicines accordingly. "Very well," replied he, "but you will see not only that your medicines will not do me any good, but that they will not operate at all."

There was no time to be lost, for I had only twenty four hours left to effect a cure. I therefore judged it best to employ powerful remedies in order to release him from the bondage of his imagination. With this view, a very strong emetic and cathartic were administered, and blisters applied to both thighs. He submitted to every thing, but with the assurance that his body was already half dead, and the remedies would be of no use. Accordingly, to my utter astonishment, I learned, when I called in the evening, that the emetic had taken but little or no effect, and that the blisters had not even turned the skin red. He now triumphed over our incredulity, and deduced from this inefficacy of the remedies, the strongest conviction that he was already little better than a corpse. To me the case began to assume a very serious aspect. I saw how powerfully the state of the mind had affected the body, and what a degree of insensibility it had produced; and I had just reason to apprehend that an imagination which had reduced the body to such an extremity, was capable of carrying matters to still greater lengths.

All our inquiries as to the cause of his belief, had hitherto proved abortive. He now disclosed to one of his friends, but in the strictest confidence, that the preceding evening, on quitting his room, he had seen a figure in white, which beckoned to him, and at the same moment a voice pronounced the words—"The day after to-morrow, at nine in the morning, thou shalt die!" and the fate thus predicted, nothing could enable him to escape. He now proceeded to set his house in order, made his will, and gave particular directions for his funeral, specifying who were to carry, and who to follow him to the grave. He had insisted on receiving the sacrament—a wish, however, which those about him evaded complying with. Night came on, and he began to count the hours he had yet to live, till the fatal 9, the next morning, and every time the clock struck, his anxiety evidently increased. I began to be apprehensive for the result; for I recollect instances in which the mere imagination of death had produced a fatal result. I recollect also the feigned execution, when the criminal, after a solemn trial, was sentenced to be beheaded, and when, in expectation of the fatal blow, his neck was touched with a switch, on which he fell lifeless to the ground, as though his head had really been cut off: and this circumstance gave me reason to fear that a similar result might attend this case, and that the striking of the hour of nine might prove as fatal to my patient as the blow of the switch on the above-men-

tioned occasion. At any rate, the shock communicated by the striking of the clock, accompanied by the extraordinary excitement of the imagination, and the general cramp which had determined all the blood to the head and the internal parts, might produce a most dangerous revolution, spasms, fainting-fits, or hemorrhages; or even totally overthrow reason, which had already sustained so severe an attack.

What was then to be done? In my judgment, every thing depended on carrying him, without his being aware of it, beyond the fatal moment, and it was to be hoped that as his whole delusion hinged upon this point, he would then feel ashamed of himself and be cured of it. I therefore placed my reliance on opium, which, moreover, was quite appropriate to the state of his nerves, and prescribed twenty drops of laudanum, with two grains of henbane, to be taken about midnight. I directed, that if, as I hoped, he overslept the fatal hour, his friends should assemble round his bed, and on his awaking, laugh heartily at his silly notion, that instead of being allowed to dwell upon the gloomy idea, he might be rendered thoroughly sensible of its absurdity. My instructions were punctually obeyed: soon after he had taken the opiate, he fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till about eleven o'clock the next day. "What hour is it?" was the first question on opening his eyes; and when he heard how long he had overslept his death, and was at the same time greeted with loud laughter for his folly, he crept ashamed under the bed clothes, and at length joined in the laugh, declaring the whole affair appeared like a dream, and that he could not conceive how he could be such a simpleton. Since that time he has enjoyed the best health, and has never had any similar attack.—London Mirror.

From the "Child at Home."

PIETY.

One of the most eminent and useful of the English clergymen was led, when a child, by the following interesting circumstances, to surrender himself to the Saviour. When a little boy, he was, like other children, playful and thoughtless. He thought, perhaps, that he would wait until he was old, before he became a Christian. His father was a pious man, and frequently conversed with him about heaven, and urged him to prepare to die.

On the evening of his birth day, when he was ten years of age, his father took him affectionately by the hand, and reminding him of the scenes through which he had already passed, urged him to commence that evening a life of piety. He told him of the love of Jesus. He told him of the danger of delay. And he showed him that he must perish for ever, unless he speedily trusted in the Saviour, and gave his life to his service. As this child thought of a dying hour, and of a Saviour's love, his heart was full of feeling, and the tears gushed into his eyes. He felt that it was time for him to choose whether he would live for God or for the world. He resolved that he would no longer delay.

His father and mother then retired to their chamber to pray for their child, and this child also went to his chamber to pray for himself. Sincerely he gave himself to the Saviour. Earnestly he implored forgiveness, and most fervently entreated God to aid him to keep his resolutions, and to refrain from sin. And do you think that child was not happy, as, in

the silence of his chamber, he surrendered himself to God? It was undoubtedly the hour of the purest enjoyment he ever had experienced. Angels looked with joy upon that evening scene, and hovered with delight and love around that penitent child. The prayers of the parent and the child ascended as grateful incense to the throne, and were accepted. And from that affecting hour, this little boy went on in the path which leads to usefulness, and peace, and heaven. He spent his life in doing good. A short time since he died, a veteran of the cross, and is now undoubtedly amid the glories of heaven, surrounded by hundreds, who have been, through his instrumentality, led to those green fields and loved mansions. Oh, what a rapturous meeting must that have been, when the parents of this child pressed forward from the angel throng, to welcome him, as, with triumphant wing, he entered heaven! And O, how happy must they now be, in that home of songs and everlasting joy!

It is thus that piety promotes enjoyment. It promotes our happiness at all times. It takes away the fear of death, and deprives every sorrow of half its bitterness. Death is the most gloomy thought that can enter the minds of those who are not Christians. But the pious child can be happy, even when dying. I was once called to see a boy who was very dangerously sick, and expected soon to die. I expected to have found him sorrowful. But, instead of that, a happy smile was on his countenance, which showed that joy was in his heart. He sat in bed, leaning upon his pillow, with a hymn-book in his hand, which he was reading. His cheeks were thin and pale, from his long sickness, while at the same time he appeared contented and happy. After conversing with him a little while, I said,

"Do you think you shall ever get well again?"

"No, Sir," he cheerfully replied, "the doctor says I may perhaps live a few weeks, but that he should not be surprised if I should die at any time."

"Are you willing to die?" said I.

"Yes, Sir," he answered; "sometimes I feel sad about leaving father and mother. But then I think I shall be free from sin in heaven, and shall be with the Saviour. And I hope that father and mother will soon come to heaven, and I shall be with them. I am sometimes afraid that I am too impatient to go."

"What makes you think," I asked, "that you are prepared to go?"

He hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Because Jesus Christ has said, Whosoever cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. I do think that I love the Saviour, and I wish to go to him, and to be made holy."

While talking with him, I heard some boys laughing and playing under the window. But this sick boy looked up to me, and said, "Oh, how much more happy am I now than I used to be when well and out at play, not thinking of God or heaven! There is not a boy in the street so happy as I."

This little boy had for some time been endeavoring to do his duty as a Christian. His conduct showed that he loved the Saviour. And when sickness came, and death was near, he was happy. But, oh! how sad must that child feel, who is dying in unrepented sin! We all must certainly soon die, and there is nothing to make us happy in death but piety.

But when the Christian child goes to heaven, how happy must he be! He rises above the clouds, and the blue sky, and the twinkling stars, till he enters the home of God and the angels. There he becomes an angel himself. God gives him a body of perfect beauty, and furnishes him with wings, with which he can fly from world to world. God is his approving Father. Angels are his beloved friends. You often, in a clear evening, look upon the distant stars, and wonder who inhabit them. You think, if you

had the wings of an eagle, you would love to fly up there, and make a visit. Now, it is altogether probable, that the Christian, in heaven, can go from star to star, as you can go from house to house in your own neighborhood. The very thought is enrapturing. If every hour of our lives were spent in sorrow, it would be nothing, compared with the joys which God has promised his friends at his right hand. When we think of the green pastures of heaven; of the still waters of that happy world; when we think of mingling with the angels in their flight; of uniting our voices with theirs, in songs of praise; of gazing upon all the glories, and sharing all the raptures of the heavenly world—oh, how tame do the joys of earth appear!

Some children, however, think that they can put off becoming Christians till a dying hour, and then repent and be saved. Even if you could do this, it would be at the loss of much usefulness and much happiness. But the fact is, you are never certain of a moment of life. You are little aware of the dangers to which you are continually exposed.

"The rising morning can't assure
That we shall spend the day,
For death stands ready at the door,
To snatch our lives away."

We are reminded of the uncertainty of life, by the incidents which are every day occurring. Often, when we least suspect it, we are in the most imminent hazard of our lives. When I was a boy, I one day went a gunning. I was to call for another boy, who lived at a little distance from my father's. Having loaded my gun with a heavy charge of pigeon shot, and put in a new flint, which would strike out a brilliant shower of sparks, I carefully primed my gun, and set out upon my expedition. When I arrived at the house of the boy who was to go with me, I leaned the gun against the side of the house, and waited a few moments for him to get ready. About a rod from the door where I was waiting, there was another house. A little girl stood upon the window seat, looking out of the window. Another boy came along, and taking up the gun, not knowing that it was loaded and primed, took deliberate aim at the face of the girl, and pulled the trigger. But God in mercy caused the gun to miss fire. Had it gone off, the girl's face would have been blown all to pieces. I never can think of the danger she was in, even now, without trembling. The girl did not see the boy take aim at her, and does not now know how narrow was her escape from death. She little supposed that, when standing in perfect health by the window in her own father's house, she was in danger of dropping down dead upon the floor. We are all continually exposed to such dangers, and when we least suspect it, may be in the greatest peril. Is it not, then, folly to delay preparation for death? You may die within one hour. You may not have one moment of warning allowed you.

A few years ago, a little boy was riding in the stage. It was a pleasant summer's day. The horses were trotting rapidly along by fields, and bridges, and orchards, and houses. The little boy stood at the coach window with a happy heart, and looked upon the green fields and pleasant dwellings; upon the poultry in the farm yards, and the cattle upon the hills. He had not the least idea that he should die that day. But while he was looking out of the window, the iron rim of the wheel broke, and struck him upon the forehead. The poor boy lay senseless for a few days, and then died. There are a thousand ways by which life may be suddenly extinguished, and yet how seldom are they thought of by children! They almost always entirely forget the danger of early death, and postpone to a future day making their peace with God. And how little do those who read this book think that they may die suddenly! Many children, when they go to bed at night, say the prayer,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

I used to say this prayer, when a child, every night before I went to sleep. But I did not know then, as well as I do now, that I might die before the morning. Almost every night some children go to bed well, and before morning are dead. It is, therefore, very dangerous to delay repentance. Love the Saviour immediately, and prepare to die, for you will go to heaven, and be happy forever.

But we must not forget that a most terrible doom awaits those who will not serve their Maker. It matters not how much we may be loved by our friends; how amiable may be our feelings. This alone will not save us. We must repent of sin, and love the Saviour who has suffered for us. We must pass our lives in usefulness and prayer, or, when the day of judgment comes, we shall hear the sentence, "Depart from me, for I know you not." It is indeed a fearful thing to refuse affection and obedience to our Father in heaven. He will receive none into his happy family above but those who love him. He will have no angry disagreeable spirits there. He will receive none but the penitent, and the humble, and the grateful to that pure and peaceful home. Who does not wish to go to heaven? Oh, then, now begin to do your duty, and earnestly pray that God will forgive your sins, and give you a heart to love and obey him.

SERPENTS IN A PILE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

In the Savannahs of Izacubo, in Guiana, I saw the most wonderful, the most terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it is not uncommon to the inhabitants, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passages; whilst I preferred to skirt the great forests. One of the blacks who formed the vanguard, returned full gallop, and called to me, "Here, Sir, come and see serpents in a pile." He pointed out to me something elevated in the middle of the savannah or swamp, which appeared like a bundle of arms.—One of my company then said, "This is certainly one of the assemblages of serpents, which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest: I have heard of these, but have never seen any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near."—When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our nearer approach, to which, however none of us were inclined.

On a sudden, the pyramid mass became agitated; horrible hissing issued from it, thousands of serpents, rolled spirally on each other, shot forth out of the circle their hideous heads, presenting their envenomed darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was one of the first to draw back; but when I saw this formidable phalanx remained at its post, and appeared more disposed to defend itself than to attack us. I rode round it in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then sought what could be the design of this numerous assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpents dreaded some colossian enemy, which might be the great serpent, or the cayman, and that they reunite themselves after having seen this enemy, in order to attack or resist him in a mass.—*Humboldt.*

THE DELIGHTED LITTLE BOY.

"Mother," said Charles, "there is going to be a temperance meeting this evening, and father has had an invitation to go; and I want to go too.—May I, mother?"

Mother. Yes, my child, you may go if your father does.

Charles. Mother, you look very sick; but I

guess you will be better when father comes home, for he has been talking with a gentleman about drinking rum; and father almost cried; and I think they are going to do something. I mean to make father go, mayn't I, mother?

Mother. If you think it will make him any better, you may.

Charles. You need not be afraid about that, mother, for the gentleman said it would make him a great deal better.

So little Charles went to the meeting. About 9 o'clock the door opened, and in ran the little boy almost out of breath, exclaiming, "Mother! Mother! father is going to be a good man;—he is, mother! They have made him write his name on a piece of paper, which they call the Temperance Pledge. Now, mother, I guess we won't be so cross nights, and break all the cups and saucers, and be have so like a mad man. A'nt you better, mother?"

Mother. Yes, my child, if this be true, I am well.

Charles. If he acts like my little brother,—be good a little while, and then be bad—I mean to go and find that gentleman, and ask him to come and see him, and talk to him, and make him a good man.

Mother. Well, my child, I hope with all my heart that you will succeed.

And he did succeed, and may the Lord bless him.—*Sabbath School Visitor.*

CINCINNATI, JULY 8, 1834.

For the Child's Newspaper.

"DON'T SWEAR, FATHER."

My Dear Children.—I love to talk to you through your little Newspaper, because I can speak to so many of you at once. I have a great many things to tell you, but have had no time for writing, since I told you of Mr. Smith's getting the dyspepsy, by cruelty to his servants. I hope you have taken good care of your servants since you read the dialogue between Mary Ann and her father. I want now to tell you about little Charles.

I called yesterday to see a poor afflicted mother, who had buried three children, and had but one living, and that was a dear little boy about five years old; his name was Charles. The mother was a good christian; had given all her children to God in baptism, and believed they were all in heaven, except this little Charles, and oh! says she, I have no doubt he will go to heaven too. And now children; what do you suppose is the reason, that the mother of little Charles is so confident he'll go to heaven. I'll tell you. Eversince little Charles was three years old, he has had a very tender conscience; has been afraid to do, or say any thing wrong—he loves to pray—to keep the Sabbath day holy—to talk about God and heaven and every thing that is good, and appears never so happy, as when doing those things that will please God and his pious mother. I could tell you of many little things which Charles does and says, that you would love to hear, but I'll tell you of but one, lest you forget them. The father of Charles is not pious, and used to swear very much; and when Charles heard him he would go to him and cry, and say, "Don't swear father, it is a sin, and God will be angry with you; don't swear father!" Charles did this so often, and so affectionately, that at last the father began to cry too, and has now entirely quit swearing.

Now my dear children, perhaps some of you have a father that is not pious, and swears; if so, you must not learn to commit that great sin against God—nor must you rebuke your father in a harsh and angry tone, this would be unkind—but do as little Charles did, go to him, and with tears and affection, say—as "Don't swear father, it is a sin, and God will be angry with you, don't swear father."

E. N. S.

"WHY, HE CURSES HIS OWN MOTHER."

As I stepped upon my door sill the other morning, I heard an infantile voice swearing, and taking the name of the great God in vain, and turning to see from whence it proceeded, found to

my surprise that the awful words were uttered by a child, apparently not more than three years old. As he was thus early earning the wages of sin, I thought him not too young to receive instruction and reproof. While administering it, a little fellow, perhaps a year or two older, who was playing near by, looked up to me, and by his tone and manner, strongly evincing his sense of the sinfulness of such language, exclaimed, "Why, he curses his own mother!" "Curses his mother?" said I. "Yes," replied the child, "his own mother!" For days the sound rung in my ears, "curses his own mother!" and I could not forbear reflecting upon what would probably be the future character of these boys. The abhorrence the one seemed to feel, led me to hope he might become virtuous and happy; but, to see such an infant as the other, already commencing a career of sin, filled me with sorrow. Poor children, they both live more in the street than in the house, and seem to have none to lead them into the right path. How thankful should you be, my dear children, who have kind parents and friends to instruct and guard you, and teach you to reverence God's holy name, and obey his commands. Do you remember the fifth commandment? "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Here you see is a promise annexed to the command—a motive to obedience; but the very promise of long life, in consequence of respect and obedience to parents, seems to intimate that an untimely end will be the lot of those who pursue a contrary course. The scriptures expressly say, "the wicked shall not live out half his days;" and again, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Again, "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother." Now my dear children, think on these things and be wise.

CLIFFORD.

LETTER IV.

Talking with the Lord.

Dear Children,—A short time since, when I was in Louisville, Ky., as I was on my way to the black Sunday School with the minister, an old black woman came out across the road, and stopping us said, "Mr. S. I want to speak with you a minute. There's a poor little child almost dying, in this house over here, and he wants to be baptized. He asked me to baptize him. I told him I could not: but he still said, 'O yes, grandmother—there is water in the pail, take some of it and do so, (shaking his little hand over his face as if sprinkling it,)—baptize me grandmother, and let me go to my Lord.'"—The old woman went on to tell "how beautiful he talked about religion and his Saviour," and begged the minister to come in and baptize him; for, said she, "it is the dear child's own request, and I have given him to the Lord—I have often tried to do this before—I have given him away and taken him back again, given him away and taken him back, and never till this morning have I been able to give him wholly to the Lord. But now I am willing, and do not wish to take him back again. Let Him do what he pleases with him. Whether he lives or dies he is the Lord's, and I am satisfied."—We went in to see the dying child. He was speechless, and lay with his eyes closed. The old woman told us, that "a few nights before she was awakened out of sleep by the earnest talking of the child." She called to him, and said, "Henry, who are you talking to, my child?"

Why grandmother, said he, I am talking to my Lord.

Grand. To your Lord, Henry!

Hen. Yes, grandmother, to my Lord.

Grand. Where is your Lord Henry?

Hen. Why he is here grandmother, in my heart. I can see my Lord here and talk with him. Take me up, grandmother, and now let me kneel down and pray.

Mr. S. talked much with the old woman, (who has been a professor of religion for more than thirty years,)—felt assured that she was a true christian, and understood the nature of the vows she took upon her in thus giving the child to the Lord in baptism. So he baptized him in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. As he was doing it, the dying child opened his languid eyes, and gazed at the minister a moment with a sweet and heavenly expression of countenance, such as I have seldom seen: and as I knelt in the seat, but hornedly cottage of this negress, I felt that "it was the house

of God and the gate of heaven." In the afternoon I heard that little Henry was dead. He is no doubt now in heaven, talking "face to face" with his Lord. Do you wish to meet him there? Then, like him, you must talk with your Lord: You must begin now: Little Henry was but five years old when he died, yet he talked with God, and wanted to go and live with his Saviour. He loved to pray to him. Although very sick and weak, whenever he was taken up he asked his grandmother to let him kneel down and pray, before he was put in the bed again. Children, do you love to pray? this is talking to God. If you do not, you will never dwell in that glorious and beautiful Heaven that He has prepared for all that love him. Have you given yourselves to Him; and can you say, "whether you live, or whether you die, you are the Lord's, and are satisfied."

Your sincere Friend, CLIFFORD.

For the Child's Newspaper.

Brother Brainerd,—A few Sabbaths since, I went into the S. S. of the Presbyterian Church, at Indianapolis, which appeared very flourishing, and interested the children for a few minutes by telling them, that in a straight line under our feet on the other side of the globe, lived millions of little children in ignorance, filth, and wretchedness, who wanted nothing but the same kind of religious instruction, under the blessing of God, which they were receiving, to make them happy hereafter; and proposed that I should be happy to receive on the morning, any contribution which any child might make, to aid in affording instruction to the poor Pagans. The following sums were brought in next morning to my lodgings, with a cheerfulness that delighted me, viz.—H. J. Coe, \$2.00, (for Gutzlaff.) Elizabeth Henderson, 22 cents. Jeanett Sergeant, 12½ cents. F. E. Newberry, 5 cents. William Walton Sickles, (for Gutzlaff,) 25 cents. Chas. A. Ray, Eliza B. Ray, Cornelius M. Ray, (together,) \$1.53.

J. GRIDLEY, Agent Am. Tr. Soc.

Cincinnati, June 28th.

BITS OF NEWS.

Fatal Accident.—We learn that on Sabbath evening last while a child aged about nine or ten years of Mr. Thomas Conner's, living 9 miles above this place was passing around the heels of a horse, the animal kicked it in the stomach, which occasioned its instant death. Parents ought to keep their children at school on the Sabbath if convenient, if not, keep them in their rooms reading the word of God or some other useful book.—*Maryville Trumpeter.*

A Danish traveller has lately reported some interesting discoveries in the interior of Chili. While exploring the wild region of the Andes, he discovered on an elevated plain the ruins of a large city, concerning which, it would seem, its present natives have not even a tradition; and traces of civilization which were lost with the memories of the original inhabitants.

Transference of Vital Power.—A not uncommon cause of loss of vital powers is the young sleeping with the aged. This fact however explained, has been long remarked, and it is well known to every unprejudiced observer. But it has been most unaccountably overlooked in medicine. I have on several occasions, met with the counterpart of the following case: I was, a few years since consulted about a pale, sickly and thin boy, of about five or six years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was so slow and remarkable a decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of all the functions—what his mother very aptly termed a gradual blight. After inquiring into the history of the case, it came out that he had been a very robust and plethoric child up to his third year, when his grandmother a very aged person, took him to sleep with her; that he soon afterwards lost his good looks; and he had continued to decline progressively ever since, notwithstanding medical treatment. I directed him to sleep apart from his aged parent, and prescribed tonics, change of air, &c. The recovery was rapid.—*Dr. Copeland.*

Lottery Tickets.—Several individuals have lately been arrested in this city, on a charge of selling lottery tickets, the disposing of which is an indictable offence under the State laws. They have been bound over to appear at the next Mayor's court. It is worse than folly to persist in an act, which when detected, is sure to receive a prompt and severe punishment.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Death by Locusts.—The western papers state that several persons have died by the bites of Locusts. A black boy, in or near New Castle, Del. last week gathered several locusts and put them into his hat to be carried to school. While thus confined, the animals bit his head in several places, in a short time, the places bitten became inflamed; the head swelled very much, and the boy died a few hours afterwards.

POETRY.

PENITENCE.

I come before Thee to confess
How naughty I have been,
Great Father who will deign to bless
When children fear to sin.

I come to seek thy presence, Lord,
Thy favor and thy love;
O, wilt thou now thy grace afford,
Nor let me longer rove.

One look of thine, great God, will break
The stone within my breast—
And I be led that course to take
Which leads to heavenly rest.

Come then to me a sinner vile,
And speak my sins forgiven;
Then I beneath thy gracious smile
Shall something know of heaven. S. S. Inst.

PARTING OF A MOTHER WITH HER CHILD,

Occasioned by a circumstance in the dying hours of the wife of Rev. S. S. Mallory, of Wilmington, Ct.

He knew her not,—that fair, young boy,—
Tho' cradled on her breast,
He caught his waking infant smile,
And nightly sank to rest,—
For stern Disease had changed the brow,
Once to his eyes so dear,
And to a whisper sunk the voice
That best he loved to hear.

So, stranger-like, he wondering gaz'd,
While wild emotions swell,
As with a death-like, cold embrace,
She breath'd a last farewell,
And to the Almighty's hand gave back
The idols of her trust,
And with a joyful hope lay down,
To slumber in the dust.

Go, blooming child, and early seek
The path she trod below,
And arm'd with christian meekness, learn
To pluck the sting from wo,—
That so, to that all glorious clime,
Unstain'd by gain or care,
Thou, in thy Saviour's strength may'st come,
And know thy mother there. L. H. S.

"I will Try."—"I will try," said a little boy who had been requested by his master to do a hard sum. "That boy is now a wealthy merchant."

"I will try," said a child, whose mother had inquired if he could perform a quantity of labor in a day. That child is now raised to a station of honor.

"I will try," said a youth, who had been solicited to write an article for his teacher's examination. That youth is now a distinguished author.

Children, early learn to say, "I will try," and you will almost always be sure of success. Never despair; for remember that he who perseveres will conquer the most formidable objections.

"I don't Care!"—Thus exclaimed a little boy, at the gentle rebuke of his teacher. But "I don't care!" proved his ruin.

"I don't care!" said a youth who had been kindly told of the consequence of his vicious course. He is now a town pauper.

"I don't care!" said a child, whose mother was persuading him to attend school. The gloomy walls of a prison now confine him.

And "I don't care!" may prove the ruin of thousands. They are bad words—and who will ever make use of them again. Will you, dear reader, will you? Say in the strength of your soul, No—never. Then we predict a happy and a useful life for you.

MANUFACTURE OF LEAD.

St. Louis is the centre of what may be called the lead region, and of the trade in that valuable metal. There are two great lead districts in this

country, which exceed, perhaps, those of any other country in the world, in the abundance and richness of the lead ore. One of these districts is in Missouri, chiefly in Washington county, about 70 miles south west of St. Louis. The making of lead commenced at these mines about 30 years ago. But it is only within about ten years that very large quantities began to be made. The principal "diggings," as they are called, are found in a district of 15 miles in width, by about 30 in length. It is estimated that 3,000,000 lbs. are made there annually, giving employment to 1,210 persons. The ore is chiefly found here in *deposits*, and not in veins.

Maxim.—It is sign of great vanity, rather than good sense, to be fond of talking much;—the more ingenious hear, and give fools leave to prattle. People of little brain have naturally a great deal of tongue.

SABBATH SCHOOL ANECDOTES.

REV. DR. PHILIP.—At the annual meeting of the Sunday-school Union, in May, 1829, the Rev. Dr. Philip, an eminent Missionary from the Cape of Good Hope, stated that he commenced his labors in the church of Christ, as a Sunday-school teacher. The first prayer that he offered in the presence of others was in a Sunday-school. The first attempt he ever made to speak from the holy Scriptures, was in a Sunday-school. And he was fully persuaded that had it not been for his humble exercises in the capacity of a Sunday-school teacher, and the advantages he there acquired, he should never have had the confidence to become a minister of the gospel, or a Missionary of Jesus Christ. He informed the meeting, farther, that when he commenced his ministerial labors in Aberdeen, he felt the importance of promoting Sunday-school instruction; and the benefits which had resulted from the schools established in that town, were, at the present moment, incalculable. During the period that he labored there, twelve or fourteen young men went out into the field of ministerial labor, many of whom became Missionaries. One of them was the lamented Dr. Milne, and another was the amiable Keith. Several other Missionaries owed their first religious impressions to the tuition they received in Sunday-schools.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. Clark, afterwards a schoolmaster at Sierra Leone, taught a Sunday-school at Edinburgh. His method of giving instruction was, after the pupils had read, or repeated a portion of Scripture, to put such explanatory and practical questions to them as naturally arose out of the passage, and conclude with a short address and prayer. Of one class, consisting of sixteen boys, fourteen of them, at adult age, were brought to the saving knowledge of God, and acknowledged the early instruction he had given them as the means of their conversion. The whole of these were afterwards engaged in preaching the gospel, some of them in Great Britain, and others in foreign lands.

THE PSALTERY.

The Scriptures mention the Psaltery, as in the fourth chapter of Daniel, the tenth of 1 Samuel, and several of the Psalms; but this instrument of music is very often called the vio. Thus, when we read of the harp and the vio, at noisy and intemperate feasts, as in the fifth chapter of Isaia, many have thought of the violin or fiddle. But this latter instrument was not known in the Bible times, that we are aware of. All instruments of music may be used among gluttons and drunkards, but this is devoting them to a purpose for which they were never intended. Music ought to be used to soothe the passions, compose the mind, and relieve bodily fatigue; and elevate the feelings and affections.

THE WELSH PARENTS.

A poor family in Wales, had acquired by great industry, the sum of thirty pounds. This, for greater security, as they thought, they placed in the hands of a person reported to be very rich; but he shortly after failed, and they lost their little all. They became nearly broken hearted; and, from their abject condition, never liked to be seen in a place of worship. After some time, however, their little boy found his way to a Sunday School, was very attentive, and went very regularly for a long time. At length he was taken very ill, and requested the teachers to come and pray with him. He gradually got worse, and it became evident to himself and others, that he was soon to leave this world. This little boy then told his parents he felt quite happy in the love of God, and said, if he had not attended a Sunday School, he should have known nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ. He entreated, as his dying request, that his mother would attend and take his place in the Sunday School; for in Wales, there are as many adults, or grown people, in the school, as children. The poor weeping mother consented, and after her little boy's death, attended where he used to sit; the result of which was, that both she and her husband became truly converted to God.

TEMPERANCE ANECDOTE.

From an Address delivered at Newport, N. H. Feb. 25, 1834. By the Rev. Oren Tracey.

An amiable lady, the wife of a sea captain, accompanied her husband several times across the Atlantic. On one of these voyages, the captain became extremely ill. At the same crisis, the vessel was overtaken with a severe gale, which blew for several days with tremendous violence. For a while, the brave sailors endured the greatest hardships and privations without complaining. At length, however, they became discouraged, and refused to obey orders. The alarmed mate immediately made the captain's wife acquainted with affairs, and begged that the captain might, if possible, come on deck; for, added he, if possible, the sailors will break open the spirit room; and if they do, all—all is lost, and not a soul on board can be saved. Ordering the mate on deck, the lady seized her husband's pistols, and placed herself before the door of the spirit room. Soon the desperate tars came rushing down together; but before they reached the bottom of the stairs, their attention was arrested by the sight of this female, and they came suddenly to a stand. Pointing her pistol at the foremost, and raising her voice, she assured them that the first man, who dared to take another step, should be laid on the floor! And then, in a mild and winning tone, she said; "Come, my lads, you have done bravely, the blow is almost over, run to your duty, the ship shall be saved, and you shall not lose your reward." Filled with admiration of the conduct of the female, rather than with the fear of death, the sailors bowed respectively, gave three cheers, and returned on deck. The gale soon abated, and the ship was saved.

Ladies, shall the ship be saved? or shall she sink? If saved at all, you must guard the spirit room.

Who purposely cheats his friend, would cheat his God, if it were in his power.

Avalanche!—A very curious migration took place in this vicinity on Wednesday night last. About a quarter of an acre of land on the eastern bank of the Kennebunk river, near the house of Mr. Benjamin Durrill in Kennebunk, slid into the river, carrying away half the Kennebunk bridge, (a drawbridge,) and nearly filling up the channel for a rod or more.—Where on Wednesday a ship of the largest size might have laid adrift, the river may now be forded without difficulty.—The land moved in a solid mass, and the apple-trees upon it look as flourishing and seem to be as firmly imbedded in the soil in their new situation, as they did on the spot where they were reared. The slide was accompanied with a noise resembling the rumbling of an earthquake.—*Kennebunk Journal.*